

## **I Survived Time Travel**

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**I remember the first time I stepped into Spain's beautiful streets, the food, and the music everything was so overwhelming yet exciting. Spain seemed like a great place to relax and enjoy, little did I know it would be quite the opposite. The daily crowd started flooding, and the road seemed to get smaller and smaller, I soon lost sight of my family and the streets started getting harder and harder to see anything so I slipped away to a shop that looked abandoned by the crowd. Hopefully, my family would find me, I thought.**

**I walked towards the back trying to find a phone or a stranger, when I saw a book. It looked super old yet pretty like it was well made. No title though; weird. As I turned the first page blank, it was even dustier on the inside. I walked around the whole store but couldn't see a thing, in the corner of my eye I saw a small revolver sitting on the counter next to the empty cashier. I looked around the shop, triple-checking that no one was in the building, and ran to the counter picking up the mini pistol in my hand.**

**I looked at the handle it looked like an antique like it was from the 40s, it didn't look real and it was just lying there so I put it in my bag. Could be a cool souvenir, I thought.**

**The street outside was still flooded with people and it didn't seem wise to go back out so I continued to explore as I passed around the store I found a mini fridge with loads of canned food. I stuffed my face with loads of canned tuna, pineapple, and some bread chips I found in the pantry. I hadn't eaten anything that morning because we were in a rush to avoid exactly what happened, the stampede.**

I stuffed my bag with more for later knowing my brother would be hungry. My travel bag had been getting heavier with all the new things I looted so I decided to declutter, I took out the trash I had stored and organized everything ready to go back out to find my family when I heard a door in the back open I quickly ducked around the counter.

I tried to sneak a look to see who it was and I was blinded by a flashlight, someone yelled out “ OJE !” and started running towards me. I got up and sprinted to the door but saw that the crowd was practically guarding the door there.

There was no way I was gonna squish though and not get yanked into the shop by who I thought was the store owner or security which didn't seem likely because of the integrity of the store it didn't seem like they couldn't afford security. I dived behind the stacks of albums in the front and waited for the angry merchant to look behind the counter where I made a run for the back door, as I ran I looked back to check if the mysterious figure was after me when I hit a shelf, hard. Knocking the mysteriously dusty book and falling to the ground. I heard a yell and footsteps stomping towards me, I grabbed the book that had fallen next to me and scoured to get up, but the fall had gotten me. The room seemed to get smaller and darker the footsteps and yelling seemed to get fainter and slower I thought I was drugged somehow, or maybe the tuna was expired.

Either way, I fainted for a second and then, light flashed in my eyes waking me, getting up hurriedly I looked around seeing the shop abandoned.

“Hello?” I said quietly thinking the strange security guard was still around waiting for me to awake. Maybe he got scared that had killed me, I thought to myself, no, stupid of course judging by how aggressive they were I don't think they would have second guessed

throwing me over their shoulder and dragging me to the police. No way something was different, something had changed the store seemed cleaner, brighter, in fact, brand new. So weird I thought. I walked over to the window the crowd was gone. What a relief, I thought to myself going to open the door when I heard a voice.

“Chica?” I heard a soft voice call out to me from behind the counter. I turned startled.

“Um, hola?” play it cool I thought

“Cunando entraste me tienda?” it was an old lady she was now coming towards me looking me up and down.

“O eres chico? Me oyes?” I stood frozen stumbling over my words.

“ey.. no soy chica” “entonces porque te vistes como chico? Sades que pasale dale un bistso a me tienda comprate un a ropa de chica no aria dano a mi tiendita un poco de plata en estos tiempos duros.” clothes? For a girl? Girls wear pants all the time whats with this lady her mentality? Must be ancient I thought.

Something was off it seemed like I was in a whole new world. The light seemed different the streets were clear and in a matter of seconds? No way.

“No tengo nada de pesos al momento, pero cuando encuentro a mi familia les digo que vengan.” maybe if I get away now she’ll get off my butt on the way I look.

“No, no, no, ninguna chica puede sobrevivir solo en estas canyes perdon pero asi vestida te van a rodar o pensar que eres hombre. Tus aretes se ven lindos y tu brazalete tambien eso te podria comprad un besito bonito.” this lady was very adamant on me changing so I agreed. I handed over my 15-dollar bracelet and fake gold hoops and got dragged to a part of the store I hadn't seen the clothing, I wasn't much for style but this

lady had some super old-fashioned stuff like from the 40s. Now thinking about it when I went to check if the streets were clear I hadn't even noticed what they were wearing.

“Que anos es?” I asked quickly “, es le ano 1941. Que te pasa? As perdido la mente?” I think I was losing my mind. I had somehow traveled back in time, not only that but right in the middle of World War 2! The book! That's what got me here! I ran back to where my backpack was still there but the book was gone

“Oye senora?”

“Si carino?” “ a poco tenias un libro bonito asi de grande justo aci?”

“si, mi esposo a cava de ir a venderlo por que?” No! I thought I needed the get that book back! I quickly changed into a dress very suited for that time period I gave up some of my rings too for shoes and a large purse, quickly stuffed the gun I had snatched and some food from my backpack into my new purse, and ran to the counter.

“ A cuntos queda de aqui?”

“Cuatro a las escierda, la casa azul” I thanked the lady for her help and rushed out the door. The light of the sun blinded me I had been in that store for too long now. I started to walk down the street trying not to draw attention. It was hard to do so being a young girl lonely in the middle of a war without an escort or friends. I knew not to talk to many people, I imagined everyone must all been on edge ever since the war started.

Seeing many kids walking alone dirty at the corners of the streets asking for any peso they can get. I started to regret giving away all of my jewelry.

I continued walking the shoes I had bought were quite uncomfortable and I was still feeling a bit dizzy so I turned a corner to find a shop or bench to stand on when someone bumped into me, I felt my purse slip from my hands I turned quickly seeing a

group of boys some older and younger run off in separate streets! I chased after a little one who I thought had it in their hands, as I ran I quickly slipped off my shoes to make the chase easier. These kids were smart I had imagined they had been following me since the shop, seeing me alone and tired, very clever of them. But I need those supplies, without food who knows how long I would be stuck there. I finally cornered the little one, in fact didn't have my purse. Going in a group was a way of distraction. So I let him go, I didn't speak a word afraid they would catch my foreign accent and think I was maybe a spy or something.

I turned the corner and waited for the kids to walk his way but the bad thing about working with other people is there are so many people that anyone can be a liability so I followed him to two blocks the opposite way I'm going hoping. Making sure I knew where I was so I didn't get lost. With shoes in my hand the little one meets up with tall-looking guys looking way older than me could be his dad even he hands the bag to the kid and bolts to the busy street.

The kid sat down setting the bag to his right of me perfect to snatch. I picked up a nearby rock and threw it to the opposite side of the kid he turned to see and I bolted toward him while his head was turned. I managed to grab the handle of the bag and didn't look back but then I felt the bag get heavy it was the kid. He was holding on the the end of the bag real tight, "Let go!" I yelled forgetting where was the look on the kid's face of fear was all I needed to slow down and stop. I looked at him not knowing what to say when I heard yelling and stomping down the alley. It was the whole group of kids running towards me yelling who knows what. I yanked my bag, pushed the kid off of me, and ran as fast as I could. I made it to the main street and from a distance saw the street where the book was

being sold, I saw a convertible car driving with a man driving no passengers I ran towards it and hopped in the back without the man seeing me. Quickly driving away from the herd of kids yelling at me.

The man drove a couple of blocks, passing my stop so I hopped out and hid behind a fruit stand run by a kid who looked at me confused. “No digas nada,” I told him with my finger motioning to stay quiet. He nodded in confusion. I ran into the main street and hoped to find anyone carrying a big book or a blue house but with no luck. Walking down the road with my head down thinking that this was it. I was gonna spend the rest of my life either running and surviving alone, never getting home.

Then I saw the same car I jumped in to get away I ducked behind a bright yellow car, convertible I peered over to see if the car had passed and I looked in the car real quick and saw the book just sitting there. I lunged, grabbed the book, and bolted towards the direction of the shop thinking maybe it would trigger the book into taking me home. As I run I hear a voice yelling at me

“Para! Para!”

I didn't stop, not even to look back I just ran but I didn't even make it down the block when I got yanked by 2 men in navy blue suits, very formal for my time but they fit right in at least at this time. I yelled “Get off me\\!” the instantly realized my mistake. “Es espia!” “No es de aqui?” “Agarenla!” I ran hearing their tone of voice led me to think they were serious and maybe a little scared. Who knows what they would do when they caught me I was thinking as I ran. I heard car doors slamming yet no engine, They had gotten weapons, I knew it. they were serious about this book. I was winded from all the running my feet black from the muck of the street I was running on, shoes in one hand and book in

the other. I was exhausted but I couldn't stop, I continued to speed walk trying to blend into the passersby. I could see the shop up the street hope was not lost I thought grinning a little bit until I got grabbed from the side by my bag hitting the floor hard it was one of the men in the suits.

He reaches for something in his suit on the side of his belt as his buddy catches up. They both pull out their small revolts and point them at me, I freeze not knowing if this was my end, if I was never going to get home. “De donde es?” I didn't respond scared out of my mind. They continued to yell questions at me but all I heard was mumble, I wasn't without I thought I reached for my bag and quickly grabbed my revolver pointing at two.

They stood shocked flinching a bit but they stood their ground yelling louder. There was no way they thought I was innocent now but they would have never believed me if I told them my crazy story. They were never gonna let me just take the book. But the revolver was not the best move because now they have become more aggressive. I also was going to stand my ground, there would be another chance. Then I heard a word that broke my frozen state.

“No esta cooperando...”

“terminala” Then a flash, I turned to cover my head thinking this was going to be my end when the world seemed brighter. I opened my eyes finding myself in the same street, but on a warmer day, the sun was hitting me directly at my face. I got up quickly and walked into the street, I was back! I was back in my time, I walked to the store where I had found the book looking inside still carrying my shoes and purse in hand with the book. I had been touching the book when I was shot at it must be triggered by fear or danger I thought. I entered the shop and found my backpack sitting in the same place where I fell.

**I looked in my bag and found my clothing still there like nothing. I quickly changed and hid the purse, shoes, and dress behind the counter and walked out the door.**